NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XVII., No. 9. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1882. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

AMONG WATERSPOUTS.

A ship in the Northern Ocean was sailing before a steady breeze when, suddenly, the wind went down and the sea became perfectly calm and smooth as glass. The officer of the watch stopped in his steady march up and down the quarter deck to look at the compass and then raised his eyes to the horizon and the sky above. An ominous stillness fell around. No sound was heard but the grinding of the engine and the flapping of the sails against the masts. The sky darkened rapidly and away in the north could be seen banks of bluish black clouds from which, every here and there, came puffs of [illegible] guns had been fired.

Then the air began to get dark and some of the hands were called on deck to reef the sails and make everything snug, but all the others were ordered to remain below, and the hatches were fastened down. Darker and darker grew the sky, and then the water began to be ruffled with small whirlwinds, and lashed into numberless small whirlpools with a cone rising in the centre of each. This was a strange sight to most of those on board and they could not imagine what to expect next. But the captain knew and was doing his best to be prepared for it. He called to an old sailor to load two guns with ball cartridge. "What for?" the sailor asked, "Look ahead, and you will see," was the reply. Some distance out, but directly in the way of the ship, could be seen what appeared to be a vast number of balloons with their tops all blending into one black mass. Then the sea began to foam and the waves to increase in size, the little cones grew larger and rose to meet the balloons, and the balloons came down and touched the cones, and suddenly before any one on board realized his position the ship was in the midst of a forest of waterspouts. Each man stood to his post. As one spout came near the old gunner fired and with a fearful crash and roar the waters fell apart and the ship passed on. But they could not thus escape them all. A warning cry came from the captain, "Stand by, my men!" and the next instant a mass of water fell on the deck and it seemed as though the ship had been shivered to atoms. When she righted the main yard was down, one of the boats smashed to pieces, parts of the bulwarks were torn away, and the fore and main hatch forced open, and down these poured tons upon tons of water. When the men came to themselves all signs of the cause of the disaster had passed away, but two of their number were dead, floating about in the water that covered the deck.

"STAND BY, MEN! STAND BY!"

DON'T BLOCK UP YOUR WAY.

I was sitting in the office of a merchant not long since, when a lad about sixteen entered with a cigar in his mouth. He said to the gentleman:

"I would like to get a situation in your shop to learn a trade, sir."

"I might give you a place, but you carry a bad recommendation in your mouth," said the gentleman.

"I don't think it any harm to smoke, sir; nearly every one smokes now."

"I am sorry to say, my young friend, I can't employ you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars, you will be above working as an apprentice; and if you have not money enough, your love for cigars might make you steal it. No boy who smokes cigars can get employment in my shop."

A word to the wise is sufficient.—*Banner.*

RICH BOYS are often spoiled and their energies sapped and undermined by luxurious habits, the too free use of money, and the lack of that discipline which comes from indigence. There are families which endure miseries untold because they live beyond their means—because they wish to dress and visit, and entertain, as neighbors do who have tenfold their income. "Truly, man walketh in a vain show!" Of this narrow and vulgar ambition, a brood of sordid and unwholesome things are born. It is impossible that children shall develop symmetry of character in houses where life is a frantic struggle to appear as grandly as the occupants of the next one appear, the grandeur being all tinsel and vain show.—*N. Y. Observer.*

AUBURN GALLION QUE

Temperance Department.

TEXT, SERMON, AND APPLICATION.

"Halloo, old man, what are you holding up that tree for?" shouted the leader of a band of young students to a worn-looking, trembling man, who was leaning against a tree by the roadside. They were a company of collegians, on a geological and botanical expedition, but who just now seemed particularly interested in a specimen of the animal kingdom.

"Never mind, lads; it's the other way—I've got just sense enough left to know that, yet. I'm holding up the tree!"

"Good! Didn't I tell you so?" cried one of the collegians.

"No; I mean—I mean—it's the other way; the tree's holding up me! But don't make fun of a poor miserable fellow-student! For I know you to be college-born and college-bred. Hold on to your hammers, young men; crack out the crystals, run over your quartz, and your jasper, and your stalactites, and petrifactions; and dig out your roots, and pack your tin boxes with your ferns, and lady's slipper, and Indian turnips. I never cared much for such trifling articles; but the other kind of roots, now—why, they stick to me yet. Have you got a Homer aboard, or a Virgil? I can help you to a bit of rare poetry, and give it to you as smooth as a senior!"

A loud laugh and "hurrah" came from the group, as a copy of Homer was produced and handed to the singular genius they had encountered. To their astonishment, not a place could they turn to but their "miserable fellow-student" could indeed render quite as fluently and with as much correctness as the best of them. They all gathered about him, when another of their number produced a Virgil, from which he immediately proved himself as much at home in Latin as in Greek.

"Don't be mistaken, boys; don't think ragged coat-sleeves, and knees that are able, to be out,' and 'high rents' in overcoats, and a low-crowned hat belong always to a brainless man. No! I've made my scientific expeditions, and tramped with the best of you; but I got started with too much wine aboard, and it's brought me—well, just against this old tree, hardly able to tell which supported the other! Don't laugh! It's a serious business." And here he put his handkerchief to his face, and they were obliged to stop their mirth before the poor man's grief. Then he continued: "It's a serious business! I'm ruined! And I've ruined part of my family; but by God's mercy to a poor sinner, I've saved a part. I don't expect to save myself; but I'll try whenever I'm sober enough, to save somebody else. And my text, and heads, and whole sermon, and application is this:

'KEEP TEMPERANCE MEN TEMPERATE!'

Now, boys, if you think you're safe, and haven't signed the pledge, you're not safe. Just as sure as you see me, who was once a 'fellow-student,' just so sure, ten years from now, some of you may be 'holding up a tree' by the wayside, the jest of a rabble of boys—excuse me, the wonder of a company of young gentlemen!—if you don't take a firm stand on the side of temperance. A glass of wine is more tempting to a scholar than to a wood-cutter or a farmer. And a glass of brandy upsets a student's wits quicker than a blacksmith's. There's no safety if you once begin. So I say, 'keep temperance men temperate!' Begin with the boys. There's safety for you. The little boys. Yes, and the girls; for, did you never hear it, women will sometimes drink; the girls, too—they're temperate to begin with—keep them so. I tell you it is not every poor, miserable, idle, brainless fellow that goes to make up the list of drunkards. No; some of them have been cared for by the tenderest mothers; they have slept on beds of down, and sat at rich men's tables, and sipped their first draughts of the choicest wines from cut-glass goblets, in rich men's luxurious parlors; the tempter likes such best."

"My friend, you said you had saved a part of your family," said one, as the man seemed lost in thought, after his unexpected temperance harangue.

"Ruined—yes, I said ruined a part, and saved a part. I killed my wife by my cruelty, and my eldest—my first-born—I taught in my own way until he was suddenly brought to the grave. Two other boys—noble boys (and they would go through college with the best of you, with a tithe of the money I've squandered)—I have, I hope, saved from following my sad example, by having them sign the pledge. They are temperate—heavenly Father keep them so! And now, as you are going to leave me, take this word from one who can preach better than he can practise. Touch not, taste not the drink. Sign the pledge; do all you can for the lives of men by getting others to sign it. Never scorn the idea of taking a child's name, be it boy or girl. Give the 'Band of Hope' workers your helping hand. Consider the world richer for every name you add to the list; for I fully believe the greatest hope of ever ridding the world of the curse of drunkenness lies in the secret of my text to-day—Keep temperance men temperate! Take it for your motto. Act upon it. Let it be an incentive to your earnest work in the name of humanity. I haven't much hope for the poor drunkard—do what you have a mind to for him. Laugh at him, pray for him, try to save him, if you have faith enough; but begin where your work is easy, and where it is sure—keep temperance men temperate!"—*J. P. B., Band of Hope Review.*

SMOKING BOYS.

There is another evil that especially attaches to juvenile smoking. It often introduces to bad company boys whose education, but for this practice, would have preserved them from contamination. Many boys learn to smoke and chew tobacco, long before they venture to frequent the public house. They are compelled to keep their smoking secret, because they know that their parents strongly object to it. The very fact of their thus acting contrary to parental authority keeps up a state of habitual disregard of that authority, and a fear of detection, which renders home less attractive, and forms a barrier to frank and loving intercourse between the boy and his parents and sisters. A distaste for elevating pursuits is engendered, and thus he is drawn more and more towards depraving society. A furtive pipe by the roadside, or under a hedge or haystack, very naturally leads to a furtive visit to the public-house, and there the ruin is accomplished. At length the secret is revealed to the sorrowing parents—the turning point in the boy's destiny has arrived. He may be induced to listen to loving remonstrances, and abandon evil habits before their mastery is supreme; but the probability is, that he will now resent parental control altogether, and abandon himself without reserve to evil courses. On the contrary, if the youth had manfully resisted the fascination of the pipe, his company would no longer have been sought by evil companions. His capacity for elevating pursuits would have remained unimpaired, and by ordinarily judicious training he might have become an ornament to his family and a blessing to the world.

Smoking not only leads boys into habits of deception; it often prepares the way for a career of crime. Boys who smoke often help themselves without permission to their smoking father's tobacco, or to that of men with whom they are employed. They very often pilfer from their employers the means to buy it. The testimony of governors of reformatories and prisons abundantly confirms this statement. The governor of a reformatory at Blackley, near Manchester, stated that out of fifteen boys who were admitted after the opening of the institution twelve had been smokers, and eight chewers. Ten confessed to having either stolen tobacco, or money wherewith to buy it. Mr. Joseph Tucker, a retired London warehouseman, whose firm made an annual return of more than £500,000, declared, "We never had an act of fraud in our establishment which was not traced to a smoker." It was aptly remarked by an American statesman, "He would not say that all smokers are blackguards, but he never knew a blackguard who was not a smoker."

The connection between tobacco and strong drink is not more intimate than its connection with other and still more depraving forms of licentiousness. Tobacco lessens physical health and destroys manly power it is true, and in some cases occasions complete impotence; but at an earlier stage of the indulgence it increases the morbid desire for sensual pleasure. It produces an irritable state of the nerves, and an incapacity for higher enjoyments, that naturally drive their victim for relief to depraving indulgences. Hence the intimate connection known to subsist between smoking, drinking, and unchastity. The tobacco shop, the drink shop, and the house of ill-fame form a triple unholy alliance.—*From May Young England Smoke.*

A NEW TEMPERANCE WORK.

The following presents a new feature in Temperance work and commends itself to those who were not in harmony with previous methods and pledges, such as the Band of Hope &c. The pledge commends itself as adapted to the aims of the organization, and being undenominational it meets with favor as a helper in a good cause.

THE HONOR BAND.

This is an organization open to respectable Protestant boys and girls who can bring a letter from their minister or some well-known citizen of good repute. Its object is to raise the standard of honor amongst children of both sexes that they may become noble men and women, walking erect in the path of virtue and the bright experiences of an upright life. There is no oath connected with the organization, simply the pledge of honor which we append:—

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HONOR BAND PLEDGE.

I..... in the presence of the officers and members of this organization, do solemnly give MY WORD OF HONOR that I will endeavor to be strictly truthful in all things, honest in word and in deed; that I will avoid low company and bad language, obey my parents and those in authority over me; abstain from all distilled intoxicating liquor, wine, beer and tobacco, until I am twenty-one years of age; strive to be Christ like in my conduct, and faithful to the Protestant religion, loyal to my Sovereign, earnest in the cultivation of honor amongst all I associate with, resolute in opposing that which is degrading and sinful; in the doing of all which I pray God's help for Jesus Christ's sake.

This pledge signed by myself, shall be binding upon me until my name, at my own written request, is removed from the roll of this Honor Band.

(Signature).....

What is aimed at is to make the boys
Honorable,
Truthful,
Honest,
Obedient,
Temperate,
Protestant,
Loyal.

In the girls we hope to cultivate the above virtues as well as womanly gentleness. To these we add personal neatness for both as part of our discipline, for "cleanliness is next to godliness."

OUR OFFICERS

are as follows: President, Rev. Dr. Ussher; Chaplain, Mr. Wm. Dagg; Drill Instructor, Mr. Henry Thompson, of the Montreal Engineers; Band Master, Mr. William Smith (Bandmaster of the Garrison Artillery); Musical Instructor, Mr. George Luckhurst; Teachers of Calisthenics, Miss Lucinda Lawless and Miss Corina Winfield.

THE GIRLS,

The meetings for the girls to be instructed in calisthenics will be held every Tuesday afternoon, from half-past four to half-past five, in the Lecture Hall of St. Bartholomew's Church, and the exercises are such as cultivate graceful carriage and the physical health of those engaged in them.

THE BOYS,

known as the "Honor Band Cadets," have their meeting for drill each Tuesday evening from half-past seven to half-past eight in the above-named Lecture Hall, under the charge of their instructor, and on Thursday evenings, from half-past seven to eight, the members of the fife and drum band practice in Hecker's music rooms, on St. Catherine street.

ON THE THIRD TUESDAY

in the month, there is a union meeting of both boys and girls, and an hour is spent in listening to recitations, music and addresses.

UNIFORM.

It is the intention, as soon as sufficient progress has been made, to adopt a simple uniform for the Honor Band Cadets, while the girls will, at the semi-annual entertainments, wear white dresses and suitable baldric.

Strict military discipline is exacted—implicit obedience to all commands. Misconduct at home or neglect of studies or duties, if reported, will be punished by suspension for such a length of time as the President shall determine; while any boy known to be guilty of low or disorderly conduct or dishonesty shall be tried for the offence and dismissed if the evidence be deemed sufficient. Any boy or girl absent from three meetings without reasonable excuse shall have their name placed upon the Lazy Roll, hanging in the Lecture Room.

No boy or girl will be enrolled as a member of the Honor Band until they have first obtained the consent of their parents or guardians, and as will be seen, the pledge terminates at twenty-one so far as the obligation lies, though habits formed are not likely to be changed after that; but at any time a boy or girl, on their making a written request at a monthly meeting over their own signature to have their name removed from the roll, ceases to be a member and is saved from the dishonor of breaking their word.

Believing this organization will commend itself to parents who have regard for the well-being of their children, we invite them to send them, on complying with the rules of procuring the required letter.

It differs from a "Band of Hope" in that no life-long oath is required; the restraint terminates when the rules are complied with. Its semi-military character will be of lasting physical benefit, and the moral and intellectual culture prove valuable through life. Every church can have its own. Our rules will be printed in due time.

FATHER'S OLD SHOES.—A TRUE AND TOUCHING INCIDENT.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Benny C—— was sitting in the room with his mother and little sister. By looking at his sad and thoughtful face one would have taken him to be ten years of age, yet he was but six. No wonder! For four years this almost baby had been used to seeing a drunken father go in and out of their little cottage. He scarcely remem[illegible]ng from him but abuse and cruelty, especially toward his kind and loving mother. But now he was dead! The green sod had lain on his grave a week or more, but the terrible effects of his conduct were not buried with him. The poor children would start with a shudder at every uncertain step on the walk outside, and at every hesitating hand upon the latch. On the day mentioned above Benny's mother was getting dinner.

"Will my little son go to the woodshed and get mother a few sticks to finish boiling the tea-kettle?"

"I don't like to go into the woodshed, mamma," said Benny, looking down.

"Why, my son?"

"Because there is a pair of father's old shoes on the beam out there, and I don't like to see them."

"Why, Benny, do you mind the old shoes any more than you do your father's coat and hat up-stairs?"

"Because," said Benny, the tears filling his blue eyes, "they look as if they wanted to kick me."

Oh! the dreadful after influence of a drunken father to innocent children!—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

"THANK YOU" AND "PLEASE."

It is a grand thing to be associated with men and women trying to make drunkards sober. I went to a little mission chapel in New York, and the speakers, of whom there were many, were allowed only a minute each. One woman said in that minute what thrilled me through and through; "The love of Jesus has made my husband and myself mannerly. We used to swear at one another, and now we say, 'Thank ye' and 'Please.'" I tell you, the preaching of infidelity and of all the scientists cannot produce an effect like that in one hundred years, nor yet in five hundred years.—*John B. Gough.*

CHILDREN ROBBED.—The London *Telegraph* says: "It is not poverty, it is beer that has robbed the children of knowledge, of liberty, morality, health and long life. It is not poverty that fills our hospitals and gaols; it is gin. By the time that a child can use its hands and earn eighteen pence a week it is offered upon the altar of the great god gin."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

KEEPING HOUSE.

To be a housekeeper involves very much more than being able to sweep rooms, and cook the food of a family, and no woman should marry till she is able not only to do this, but to preside over a household with good economy, with forecast and dignity. She must understand the requirements of a family, the price and quantities of expenditure, and she must be willing to keep a rigid account thereof.

Every housekeeper should have an account-book, in which should be carefully noted down every article purchased, with date and price. In doing this a woman will be surprised to learn how much it costs to live, and she will learn also to husband her resources, and to avoid unnecessary expense. She will remember that while all the time and energies of the heads of a family are required to meet daily animal necessities, they are no better than slaves; and hence it seems the fitting province of a woman to see that there is no waste; that what is brought into the house is carefully looked after, made to go as far as possible, made to look as well as possible, made to afford the fullest possible comfort to the family.

For this purpose she must be orderly in her habits, and be capable of planning with judgment. She should know the qualities required, and how to preserve from waste what is over and above the daily needs of the household. She may be pardoned a good deal of girlish vanity in dressing herself, and arranging her surroundings becomingly, in order to set off all to the best advantage; for this is to keep a fresh, cheery house, the delight and comfort of its inmates; but let her never for one moment consider what this or that neighbor will think about his or her little republic of home. If they praise her, very well; if they criticise and sneer at her, very well also—she must be abo[redacted]

I think both husband and wife ought to understand thoroughly the theory, at least, of good wholesome cooking, and in cases of emergency, the former should be willing to lend a hand to an overworked wife. It will be no disparagement to his manhood to take hold now and then, if nothing more than to show his entire sympathy with her and tenderness for her; but a good wife, and a good housekeeper, will not tax the good man in these petty household matters; on the contrary, she will so skilfully work the machinery of the house that all will be done, and be hardly known how and when. She will not belittle him and herself by too much talk about annoying details.

It requires great skill and judgment to cook well. A young housekeeper must do nothing without exact rule, weight or measurement, otherwise she will make innumerable mistakes and create much disappointment and discomfort. It is very important that a family should feed well. Health and cheerfulness and good morals are all more or less involved in the way our tables are managed. A bright, happy wife feels delight in serving up delicate dishes for the man of her choice, and a gratified look or appreciative word should not be withholden by him, It seems utterly piggish to see a man sit down and devour what has cost care and skill and taste to prepare, and never one word of approval or gratification. It is the way of some men, and a most boorish, disagreeable way it is.

While travelling, a few days since, I was detained some days in one of our Western cities. My room overlooked a lane or alley-way in which were several houses occupied by the better class of artisans, and I became much interested in one of these, so much interested that no sooner did I hear a glad shout from a little voice than I knew it was a meal time and "Daddy was coming," and I took up my point of observation in harmless and admiring scrutiny of the well-governed house. On the way in the father raised the rejoicing child in his arms and gave it two or three resounding smacks; another one had crept to the door-sill and this was lifted also and its little cheek laid tenderly upon the shoulder which was hunched up to bring it closer to that of the father's. By this time the wife had brought a bowl of water and a white, coarse towel; then she took the children down, applying also sundry pats, now on the shoulders of the little ones and now on the broad fatherly ones; and now the chairs were placed at the table, and, while the husband gave a last rub of the hard, rough hands, he stretched out his neck and kissed the pretty, girlish wife, who would be hovering near him. They said grace, they dined at the plain, wholesome board, and more than once I found myself wafting them a benediction with the tears in my eyes. It is so brutish to pass without a word of recognition of the Great Giver.

The husband was a grave man and the wife a lively, cheery woman, neat as a new pin and very chatty. I thought them wonderfully well matched, for there was no moroseness in the man nor levity in the woman, and when Sunday came and the little household, dressed in all their finery, baby and all, went out to church, it was a sight to behold. Theirs was quite model keeping house as far as it went. * * * * * In adjusting the household, I would have the pair mutually helpful; but there are certain affairs that look handsomer in the hands of a woman than in a man. I think he, as a gentleman, who should be independent of all others, ought to be able to broil a steak, mend a rent, or "sew on a button;" but it is more suitably the province of a woman to do these things, the husband being supposed more profitably employed elsewise.

Every woman should be able to cut and make household linen and garments with economy, neatness and despatch. She should cut her work and always have a piece ready for the needle to husband her time, and avoid hurry and confusion; and lastly my lovely married pair must so manage the needful work of the household, that one hour at least in twenty-four may be devoted to reading and study—good, solid, substantial books, to be read with care, for mutual advancement of thought and solidity of character; poetry and romance, also to elevate and enliven, not forgetting the great store-house of our spiritual ideas, the Bible.

Human beings have not yet reached any very high degree of perfection; even my handsome pair may fall into error, and then the interference of outsiders is very apt to increase the evil, but let them settle the case between themselves, remembering that the greater the fall the greater the need of a dear, loving hand to lift us up, and the worse we may become the more shall we need friends; no true wife will turn from the man of her choice in the day of his adversity, nor in the day of his moral darkness; rather will she love him with a deeper, because of a sorrowing, tenderness, and she will lead him on, step by step, till he more than recovers the ground he may have lost.—*Potter's Monthly.*

WORRY WORSE THAN OVERWORK.

Dr. Granville, in an article in *Popular Science*, maintains that worry breaks down men in the midst of business rather than overwork. We have in mind a citizen who was once a successful practitioner in this city, long retired from practice, and now a millionnaire, who holds that worry kills more men than were ever killed by overwork. When people get past middle life the danger of worry becomes much greater. Men die in the midst of some great or imaginary trouble. This wealthy citizen, on being awakened one night by an alarm which was caused by the burning of one of his own buildings a few blocks off, put his head out of the window, surveyed the situation for a moment, and said: "There goes $20,000. I will go to bed and take another nap." He reasoned that he could do nothing to arrest the progress of the fire. The fire companies were on the ground; if he went out, being a heavy, clumsy man, he could do nothing but get in the way; he had no insurance, but the loss could be made up far better by a man in sound health than by one who had taken a dreadful cold and exposed his life all to no purpose. He refused to worry about it, even made jokes about his loss, pictured to himself a man weighing 330 lbs. going up a rickety flight of stairs into a building filled with smoke, to carry out a $10 bureau. That citizen, when he drew his head in at midnight and concluded to take another nap was a philosopher who fully understood the danger of worry, and who would not encounter it at his time of life. He took his own medicine and profited by it.

No doubt, overwork does frequently exhaust the reserves, and in that way contributes to a break-down. But worry most frequently goes with overwork, the worker feeling that his position is not comfortable, that if he does not reach great results at once, life will, in some sense, be a failure.

MORNING PRAYER—A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Probably most of us resolve on the Sabbath day, as we listen to the sweet sanctuary songs, and hear the tender beautiful "old, old story," that we will be better, nobler, lovelier as the days roll by. But "though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak;" and as we lift the burdens of Monday's cares perhaps we have forgotten to put on our armor. What can we expect but defeat if we begin our day unaided from above? If His arm is not about us, His Divine love not a conscious presence, then indeed we must expect much trouble from "multitudinous little things." We need never fear being irreverent by referring to our Father's will on all occasions. He is too mighty and too loving to ever be impatient or troubled with His children's requests. If our Saviour is an indwelling force with us we can conquer all things, including, of course, the many little exasperating trials of everyday life, the constantly-filling mending basket, which has a tiresome way of never staying empty; the overseeing and annoyance of servants, the fretfulness or wilfulness of children, &c.

Morning prayer! what a mighty power it is; a telegram or a telephonic message, as it were, to the Lord of all for help. I was visiting a friend, and as I was about to leave the city I did not know whether or not a gentleman cousin, who lived a few doors off, understood that I wanted a carriage sent at a certain hour. In some anxiety I went to his house, but only to find him gone to his place of business, several miles distant. His wife was absent, and I said to the only servant left in charge, "Maggie, I am worried; perhaps Mr. D. did not know that I wanted to go this evening. Did you hear him say?" "No, ma'am, shure I didn't; but there's no need of worry, ma'am. Just step in the hall, and use the telephone."

Sure enough, there was the telephone in direct communication with Cousin R's office. I said, "Will the carriage call for us at 6?" "Certainly, everything is all arranged. I will accompany you to the boat, and see you safely started; don't feel anxious," came the answer, relieving me of all troublesome thought. Just so we tried and tired mothers (about to start out on our daily road), dropping upon our knees in the early morning, asking for the Almighty arm to uphold us, the Almighty hand to lead us, listening hear the quick response, "I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Me."—*Christian at Work.*

INJURY TO THE EYES.

It is difficult to restore perfectly the eyesight when it is seriously injured, because of the wonderfully delicate and complicated mechanism of the eyes; and because of the difficulty of securing to them the needed rest. A broken bone may be put in splints or in plaster, and the bone is soon as strong as it was before the injury; but the very light of heaven frets and irritates a weak or inflamed eye, and it is hard to refrain from using it.

Those persons, therefore, who have good eyes cannot be too careful in guarding them from harm. They need to be the more on their guard, for the feeling is apt to be strong that their eyes can stand anything.

The eyes may be injured by using too little light, whether that of poor oil, or of the twilight; by too much light, as when the sun shines directly on the page which a person is reading. They may also be injured by a flickering or any variable light—the eye becoming exhausted in its incessant attempts at accommodation.

Sudden changes from light to dark, and *vice versa*—when one who uses a shaded lamp looks back and forth from the bright page into the darkened room—are also injurious. By holding the head down near the book when one is reading, or by reading while in a reclining posture, the minute capillaries of the eye may become congested and the sight deadened.

The eyes may also be injured by using them too continuously without rest; by holding the eyes habitually too near their object, thus giving rise to short-sightedness; by reading in the cars or a carriage, the eyes being wearied, fretted and congested by their effort to follow the lines; by too much reading during the weary hours of convalescence, when the eyes share in the weakness of the body; and by reading fine print, on poor paper.—*Youth's Companion.*

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

Roman or Grecian, all the same.
My first is pleased my whole to meet.
Whether in delicate array,
Or, like my second always gay,
Its blooming face we gladly greet.

ANAGRAM—ARITHMETICAL NAMES.

1. A tint? O no.
2. A did, not I.
3. Timon Nature.
4. Pull on at it, Mici.
5. O run! cats bit.
6. I. D. Ivison.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in death, but not in life;
My second is in war, but not in strife;
My third is in love, but not in hate;
My fourth is in post, but not in gate;
My fifth is in corn, but not in rye;
My sixth is in ground, but not in sky;
My seventh is in fall, but not in rise;
My eighth is in heart, but not in sigh;
My ninth is in humble, but not in grand;
My tenth is in lake, but not in strand;
My eleventh is in honor, but not in fame;
My twelfth is in wild, but not in tame.
My whole is a noted poet's name.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Entire, a curious little animal.
Change its head, and it becomes a stick.
Change its head again, and it becomes a fish.
Change its head again, and make a place where nothing is.
Again, and make a part.
Transpose the last, and form great learning.
Change one letter, and make the strongest feeling of the human heart.
Prefix and annex a letter, and make a spice.

PI.

I iknth otn fo woormotr,
Sti saltir ro tsi stak;
Tub listl hwti dillikech iptirs,
Rof treepus ecrimes kas.
Thiw hace runnigtro nimorgn
I scat dol ghnits ynaw,
Sofl rnynoje esil freebo em—
Ym yrapre si rof yotad.

A KETTLE OF FISH.

Each of the following puzzles may be answered by the name of a fish. Example: A consonant and a defeat. Answer: T-rout.

1. A measure of distance. 2. An ancient weapon. 3. Two thirds of a phantom. 4. A pronoun and an emblem of eternity. 5. Part of the foot. 6. A consonant, and part of a wheel. 7. A consonant and to dissolve. 8. A farm animal, a consonant, and part of a drum. 9. A girl's toy, and part of a fish. 10. A boy's nickname, a pronoun, and a preposition. 11. Used for polishing silver. 12. An apparatus for illuminating, and what it throws out.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A musical phrase meaning quicker movement.
2. A kind of tree.
3. A kind of tree.
4. To withhold assent.
5. Sick.
6. A part of the body.
7. An animal.
8. An affirmative.

The initials form the title of a short poem; the finals, the name of its author.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF APRIL 15.

Enigma.—The letter I.

Twelve Men of Note.—Simon, Andrew, Bartholomew, Matthew, Thomas, Peter, James, John, Iscariot, Judas, Philip, James.

Cross-Word.—Cricket.

Transposed Proverb.—Prov. 20: 13. "Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty; open thine eyes and thou shalt be satisfied with bread."

Four Easy Squares.—

SARD	ETNA
AGUE	THEN
RUDE	NEAT
DEER	ANTS
DIME	ROMP
IDOL	OVER
MOSS	METE
ELSE	PREY

Positive.	*Comparative.*
Lie,	Lyre,
Din,	Dinner,
Show,	Shore,
Tie,	Tyre,
Shoe,	Sure,
Dough	Door,
You	Ewer,
Doll,	Dollar,
Crate,	Crater,
Pew,	Pure,
Weight,	Waiter,
Pie,	Pyre,

Cross Word Enigma.—Hypatia.

THE MUSIC-BOY MISSION.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

It was a birthday present, and Bertie was never weary of looking at its many beauties or of listening to the sweet tunes it played.

"My own lovely music-box, my treasure; I could kiss you!"

He was very softly to himself saying this over and over again, when he suddenly became conscious of somebody looking at him; and sure enough, there was little Maggie Dolan crouching in the doorway. Crouching, I say, because, being a poor, all-out-of-shape little creature, she could not stand upright.

Mrs. Dolan, "Honest Kate," was a washerwoman, and whenever she worked for Bertie's mother was told to bring Maggie, in order that the afflicted child might have one happy day at least in the long week.

The instant Bertie spied Maggie, he said,

"Come in, and I'll make my beauty-box play all its tunes for you, if you'd like."

She needed no urging, but creeping in quickly, she curled her wee, twisted form close to his feet, and fixing her large, unnaturally bright eyes upon him, prepared to listen. Bertie wound the box up, and with a happy smile watched for its effect upon his visitor.

Wonderfully soft grew the brown eyes, a faint flush tinted the white cheeks, and then, to the boy's unspeakable surprise, slowly the tears began to fall.

"What makes you cry, Maggie? Does it make you feel badly? I'm ever so sorry."

"Indade, it's not that. I could just go on a-hearin' the like uv it for iver. It's the swate sound uv it that makes the tears come, I'm thinkin'."

This child's emotion was a revelation to him. Again and again did he "set" the music-box in order that she might enjoy the sweet tinkling notes.

Some time after, Kate Dolan, seeking her child, came upon the two, happy as two innocent birds, listening to the "beauty box." Thus it came about that every time Maggie came with her mother she also came into the sitting-room, and Bertie gave her a music feast.

But the very best part of the story is this, Maggie Dolan's enjoyment of the sweet music set our Bertie thinking. He talked with his mamma a great deal about his thoughts. Shall I tell you what they were about?

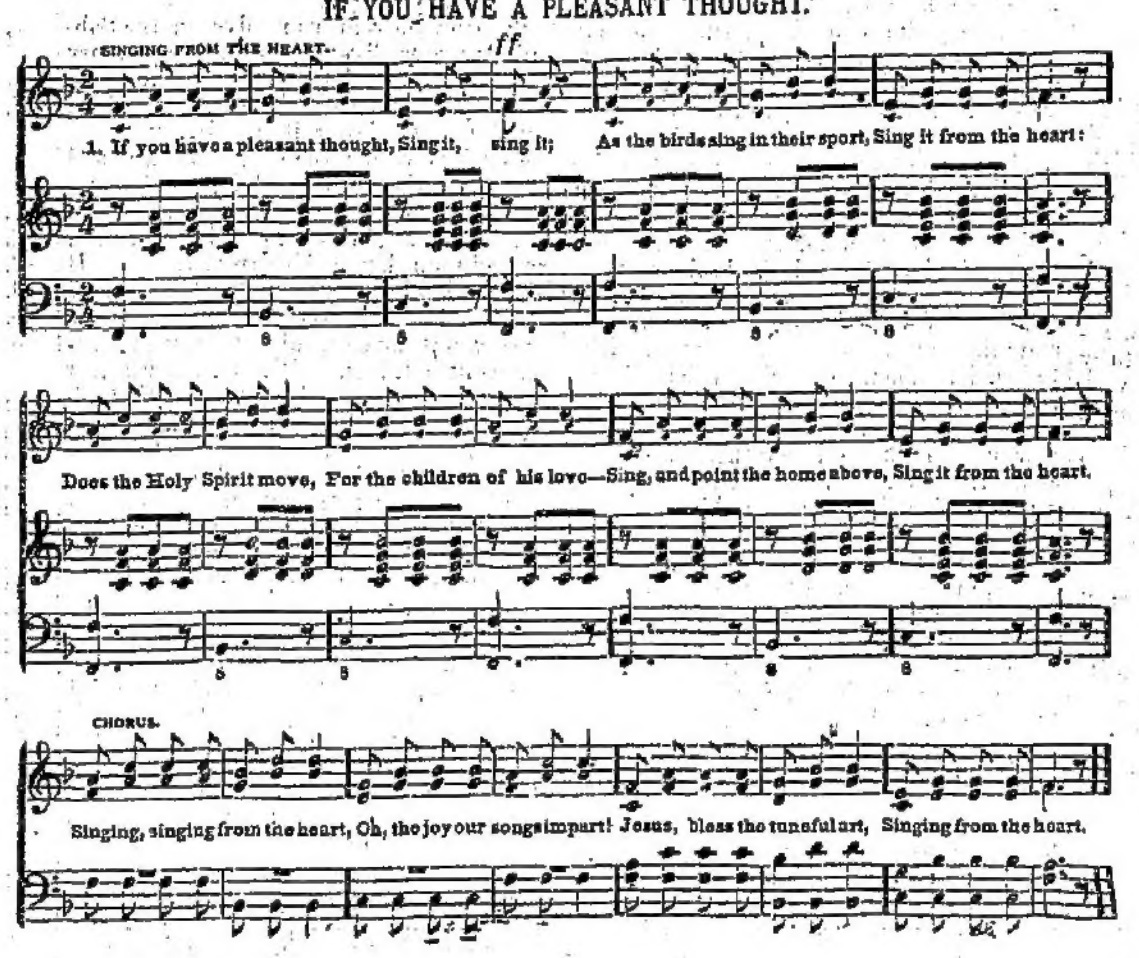
Well, he thought that in the city where he lived there were a great many sick children who would like to hear his music-box, and couldn't get to his house, even if they were to know that he would play it for them. That was his first thought. But that thought grew, and more thoughts were added to it. And, as the result of all this thinking, one day dear little Bertie and a cousin, who also had a music-box, and whose name was Charlie, started off upon a sweet mission.

They took with them a number of tiny bunches of flowers, and they sought out the darkest, dingiest streets where the poor people lived. Here they asked for any sick children, and having found some, they first cheered them with the soft, tinkling tunes of the "beauty boxes," then gave each some flowers to give them pleasure when they left their miserable homes.

In one day's loving labor they found six dear suffering ones, and the next day two more; and then seeing that they could spend but a little time with each if they went together, they separated and each took half. After a while a gentle little girl who sang sweetly joined them, going first with Bertie, then with Charlie.

The parents of these dear little missionaries furnished all the dainties, clothing, medicine, and other needful things, as the children ascertained the necessity of the afflicted ones. They were visited, comforted, and in many ways cheered by the older people, to whom the children talked continually of their "poor sick" little ones. By means of this persevering trio, who did not grow weary in well-doing, but found new delight in their mission day by day, more unfortunate ones were discovered from time to time. In the course of time a new field was opened to Bertie and his little helpers. It happened in this way. The older people thought best to secure places for some of the more complicated cases of hip and spinal disease thus brought to light in the City Hospital, and thither the "music-boxes" followed, and you may be sure that the newly-arrived patients were not the only ones in that dreary place whose hearts were gladdened by the presence of these little messengers of the ever blessed Lord. Twice a week the sufferers in that hospital listened, all who wished to at least, to the sweet child-voices singing and the soft notes of the little music-boxes: and the tired eyes were cheered by the sight of beautiful flowers, while the wasted bodies were helped on to recovery, or relieved temporarily by the kind gifts of the older people quickened and urged on to increased acts of Christian charity by the loving zeal of these dear child-workers.

Year by year the "Music Box Mission" increased in number of patients and in new devices for the relief of the sick poor, especially the afflicted children of the lower classes. If the parents grew forgetful, the eager children reminded them; if they waxed cold, the children warmed them. A great, noble work of benevolence grew out of little Bertie's childish thoughts over his beloved music-box. Anything may be used for the Lord if only it be given cheerfully to him, with the desire that he use it as he thinks best—anything, even a little "music-box."—*Christian Weekly.*

IF YOU HAVE A PLEASANT THOUGHT.

SINGING FROM THE HEART.
ff
1. If you have a pleasant thought, Sing it, sing it; As the birds sing in their sport, Sing it from the heart:
Does the Holy Spirit move, For the children of his love—Sing, and point the home above, Sing it from the heart.
CHORUS.
Singing, singing from the heart, Oh, the joy our songs impart! Jesus, bless the tuneful art, Singing from the heart.

A loving heart.

If you have a pleasant thought,
Sing it, sing it;
As the birds sing in their sport,
Sing it from the heart:
Does the Holy Spirit move,
For the children of his love—
Sing, and point the home above,
Sing it from the heart.

Every gracious deed of his,
Sing it, sing it;
Nothing sounds so well as this—
Sing it from the heart:
How the Lord walked on the wave—
Rescued Lazarus from the grave—
Died for guilty souls to save—
Sing it from the heart.

Are you weary, are you sad—
Sing it, sing it:
Make yourselves and others glad,
Sing it from the heart:
Angels now before his face—
Sing of Christ's redeeming grace—
Give the Saviour endless praise,
Sing it from the heart.

—R. Morris.

KIND TREATMENT OF HORSES.

It has been observed by experienced horse-trainers that naturally vicious horses are rare, and that among those that are properly trained and kindly treated when colts they are the exception.

It is superfluous to say that a gentle and docile horse is always the more valuable, other qualities being equal, and it is almost obvious that gentle treatment tends to develop this admirable quality in the horse as well in the human species, while harsh treatment has the contrary tendency. Horses have been trained so as to be entirely governed by the words of the driver, and they will obey, and perform their simple but important duties with as much alacrity as the child obeys the direction of the parent.

It is true that all horses are not equally intelligent and tractable, but it is probable that there is less difference among them in this regard than there is among the human masters, since there are many incitements and ambitions among men that do not affect animals.

The horse learns to know and to have confidence in a gentle driver, and soon discovers how to secure for himself that which he desires, and to understand his surroundings and his duties. The tone, volume, and inflection of his master's voice indicate much, perhaps more than the words that are spoken. Soothing tones rather than words calm him if excited by fear or anger, and angry and excited tones tend to excite or anger him. In short bad masters make bad horses.—*Scientific American.*

THE CRIME of constructive as well as actual murder is recognized even in human law. Much more in the law of God. A lady in Indiana called a certain rum-shop a "murder-mill." She was prosecuted for slander; but being able to prove that her allegation was true, she won the suit. "Murder-mills" are to be found, not only in Indiana, but in every state and in every city.

LINES ON GIVING.

The sun gives ever; so the earth—
What it can give, so much 'tis worth;
The ocean gives in many ways—
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays:
So, too, the air, it gives us breath—
When it stops giving, comes in death.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not, is not living.
The more you give,
The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth upheaped;
Only by giving is it reaped.
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deed, give pelf,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving,
Who gives not is not living.
The more we live,
The more we give.

ANON.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

Who has not read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and who could listen without tears to the tale of the sufferings of the poor negro slaves in the plantations of the south. One hundred years ago the slave trade was carried on not only by the United States, but by England and many of the other nations of Europe. William Wilberforce was born at Hull, England in 1759 and at a very early age became interested in the subject of slavery. While still at school he wrote a letter to a newspaper published in York strongly condemning "the odious traffic in human flesh." At the age of twenty-one he entered parliament and about seven years afterward a society was formed in London composed almost entirely of Quakers the object of which was to prevent any slaves being brought from Africa and sold in the British colonies. The sufferings of the negroes in the ships while crossing the Atlantic were horrible. They were crowded down in the dark hold of the vessel and did not receive half the care that would have been given to cattle. A bill was passed regulating the number that each ship should carry, but little attention was paid to it. Then a bill was passed forbidding any British subject to engage in the trade, but it was still carried on under cover of the Spanish or Portuguese flag. The slaves were treated more cruelly than ever. Often when a slave ship was being pursued, and in danger of being captured, the whole cargo of slaves would be thrown into the sea. In 1811 a law was passed by which any person found engaged in the slave trade would be imprisoned from three to five years with hard labor, or transported for fourteen years. Thirteen years afterward a bill was passed declaring the slave trade to be piracy and as such punishable by death, but in 1837 this was altered and the penalty became transportation for life.

But there was still more work to be done. Although no one was allowed to bring any more slaves from Africa, there were a vast number of them already in the colonies, and the next step was to set these free. About 1825 Mr. Wilberforce through failing health had to retire from Parliament, but the work still went on. In 1833 a bill was passed making the slaves free, but providing that they should be apprenticed for twelve years to their former masters, and out of their earnings to pay a sum for their release. But this was not approved and it was at last determined that they should be apprenticed for only six years, and that the Government should pay to the slave owners in return for the loss they sustained the sum of £20,000,000.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE

The health of Mr. Wilberforce failed fast, and on the 29th of July 1833, just three days after the Emancipation Bill was passed he died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

MILLY'S HARD PLACE.

"Mamma," said Milly, coming in from school with a flushed face, and eyes which bore the traces of tears, "I wish you'd let me leave Miss Mathew's school. I've been kept in again, and my diary is disgraceful. Miss Susie Mathews says she's ashamed of me."

Mamma put down the work she was busy with and gathered her little girl into her lap.

"What have you done that is naughty to-day?" she said tenderly.

"O," said Milly sobbing, "I whispered in my g'ography class, and I wrote Mary Haywood a note, and when I missed my grammar lesson I pouted, and said I didn't care."

"So my little girl deserved the bad marks, and the keeping in, and the teacher's reproof," said the mother very sorrowfully. "Milly, why are you so often troublesome at school; you are a good girl at home."

"I hate rules," said Milly, opening her blue eyes very wide.

"So do the convicts in the great stone prison, where papa goes on Sundays to teach the Bible, Milly. One of them said last Sunday afternoon, that if the law hadn't been so strict he wouldn't have broken it. It is hating rules which has brought most of those poor men to their gloomy cells."

Milly looked serious. She had never thought of comparing herself with the prisoners.

"Unless we keep rules, dear, and love to keep them, we are always unhappy. Only those people who learn to mind, ever become fit to command. By-and-by, if you overcome this opposition to law, you will find that the law and you are so friendly, that you will never think about it at all. In the meantime you have some hard places before you, and the best way is to try to overcome their difficulties."

"Will you help me, mamma?"

"Surely I will, my child; but there is One stronger than I, and you must seek his aid."

Together the mother and child knelt in the twilight, praying to Jesus for pardon and peace. Milly rose from her knees, feeling that though she had done wrong, the Lord would help her to do better. —*Christian Intelligencer.*

DOGS IN GERMAN REGIMENTS.

Dogs are tolerated in German regiments, though they are usually the property of officers, who are naturally responsible for their good behavior. At least one German regiment, moreover, belonging to the First or East Prussian Army Corps, used during the war of 1870-71, to be preceded, whenever the band accompanied it, by a dog of solemn and shaggy appearance, who dragged the big drum after him. This strange animal, however, had not been recruited in the ordinary manner; and at that time he already seemed to have seen enough service to entitle him to honorable retirement. He had begun his military career in the service of Austria, where the big drum was in his time harnessed to a moderately-sized dog in every military band; and he was captured by the East Prussian regiment at the battle of Sadowa. Perhaps because dogs form no recognized part of the Prussian military forces he had never been exchanged; though it is difficult to understand on what principle he could have been compelled, after the cessation of hostilities, to remain in the ranks of the enemy. This dog in any case, marched with the troops of General Nanteuffel from the east of Prussia to the west coast of France; and if he is now dead he has in all probability had a monument erected to his memory.—*St. James Gazette.*

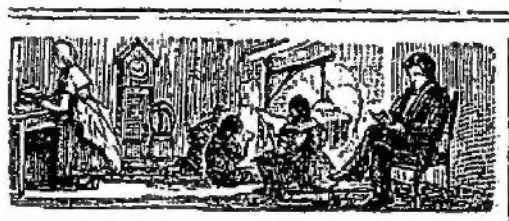
AURORA BOREALIS

Gassendi, a French philosopher, contemporary of Lord Bacon, first gave the classical name of Aurora Borealis Others have called it Aurora Polaris, for there is also an Aurora Australis, similar phenomena being witnessed in the Antarctic regions. The Portuguese navigator, D'Ulloa, is the first who describes the Southern Lights, about 1743; and Captain Cook also beheld them in 1777. Sir James Ross, in his famous Antarctic exploring expedition, witnessed magnificent displays.

Many of the accounts in old chronicles and histories, describing armies in the sky meeting and contending with fiery spears and darts, sometimes attended with waves of blood, can only refer to unusual displays of the Aurora Borealis. Such references are frequent in the mediæval chronicles. But before those days, Aristotle, Pliny, and other classical writers, alluded to the same mysterious lights. They were usually regarded as portents of evil foreboding. But the Shetland people called them "The Merry Dancers." The North American Indians thought they were the spirits of their departed people roaming through the spirit-world. —*New York Observer.*

ALL WHICH GOD ASKS of boys and girls is that they be boy and girl Christians, and that is all which we have any right to ask, and it also is something which we have a right to expect and labor for,—*Congregationalist.*

WE HAVE NEVER KNOWN but one thing that has been potential enough to bring all the railways of the country to terms--in fact to an unconditional surrender. This thing is—tobacco smoke.—*Methodist Protestant.*



The Family Circle.

"WILL THEY LET ME IN?"

To a little restless, suffering child,
A servant of Jesus came,
And told the story of death and life
In his Master's loving name,
Till the moaning ceased, and she listened to hear
The message of mercy brought strangely near.

He spoke of the love of Jesus
For the children long ago,
And how He longed, in yon happy home,
They'd trust him and let him show
The blessed things that he had bought for them,
Better far than earth's richest gem.

He told her too of the happy home,
Where children are never ill;
And asked if she would not like to go,
Or stay with her mother still.
"Will they let me in," was the faint reply,
"To the beautiful home far above the sky?"

'Twas blessed to tell the weary one
That the gates were opened wide,
That Jesus' blood had bought a place
For little ones at his side;
That he would receive her, and gladly see,
Another lamb safe for eternity.

A few short hours and her sun went down;
The little sweet bird was free;
And they laid her down in loving trust
That she resteth, Lord, with thee!—
What though in our roll-book we mark her "dead"—
She's dwelling where sorrow and pain are fled.

Ah! Jesus is waiting with outstretched arms:
He would have the children come,
He offers them pardon and blessings now:
By-and-by a palace home.
He whispers, "Oh, give me thy heart to-day."
He waiteth thy answer—Oh, say not, "Nay!"

AMY'S PROBATION.

By the Author of "Glaucia," &c

CHAPTER IX.—FLORIE'S AMBITION.

As Christmas drew near, it was rumored that the school-girls were to represent the sacred drama of Bethlehem, not only before the nuns, but the people of the village were to be invited to witness the spectacle; and every girl was instantly in a fever of excitement as to the part she was to play in the performance.

Of course, there were numerous conjectures as to who should be the Blessed Virgin, and nurse the lovely doll that the nuns were dressing for the occasion; and the sisters seemed to take almost as much interest in the affair as the girls themselves. It seemed to be a moot point, even with them, as to who should be chosen for this post of honor; but one must be selected soon, for the dresses would have to be bought and prepared, and in view of this every girl was looking over her small stock of pocket money, or writing home for more.

One day Florie came to ask her sister if she could lend her some, as she had spent nearly all her own a week or two before. Once a month one of the sisters held a sale of such things as the girls required or were allowed to possess—crosses, reliquaries, and crucifixes carved in ivory forming a large proportion of their stock in trade—and Florie had expended nearly all she had possessed, and was, therefore, somewhat disconcerted by a whisper she heard, that she was likely to be chosen for the post of honor.

"Several of the girls say I am to be the Blessed Virgin, and I shall want a white cashmere dress, and I have not nearly money enough, Amy."

"Neither have I," said Amy, dryly; "and I am sure we cannot afford to buy such expensive white dresses, either."

"O Amy, what shall I do? How much money have you got? You have spent hardly anything since you have been here, I know."

"No, I have no wish to wear the outward badges of a religion I do not believe in," replied Amy, glancing at the cross Florie had lately purchased.

"Amy, you are unkind. I wish you would not speak like that," said Florie, almost in tears.

"I don't mean to be unkind, darling; but—but O, Florie it makes me unhappy to see you drifting on from one thing to another. Milly says you stop and bow to the statue of the Virgin in the dormitory every time you pass it now."

"What business have you to listen to Milly and her tales about me? You know she will say anything that suits her own purpose, and she has just told you that to spite me."

"Nonsense, dear. But tell me, Florie, that it is not true—that you have not bowed the knee to this Baal!"

"Amy how can you say such things—about the mother of our Lord, too?"

"Well, dear, perhaps, it was wrong, for Mary was a good and pious woman, and is grieved, I am sure, if she knows anything about it, to see the statue of herself worshiped in the place of her divine Son. But tell me, dear, that you have not done this," said Amy earnestly.

But Florie chose to ignore the question. "Milly must be a mean, spiteful thing, to come and tell such tales as that," she said. "It's only because she wants to be the Virgin herself, and Sister Magdalen told her yesterday a more active position would suit her better, and she is teaching her a lovely hymn to sing to me."

"But, Florie, it is not settled that you are to be anything yet, and you really cannot afford to buy expensive dresses, and so it will be better to decline at once. It seems strange that they should choose a Protestant girl for this part."

"Protestant girls are to take the parts of other saints. Kate Ward is to be Saint Elizabeth, and Maria Dew, Saint Cecilia, and little Mary Hope, Saint Catharine, and every body says I shall make a lovely Virgin if I am properly dressed."

"I wish you would give it up, dear, I—I cannot give you every farthing I possess," said Amy, for she had formed a plan in her own mind, to carry out which she would require all the money she had.

Florie burst into tears. "I did not think you would be so unkind, Amy," she said. "But perhaps you think you may want it to to buy a dress for yourself," she suddenly added.

"O no, there will be no room for me," said Amy, with a faint smile.

"Yes, there will; because there are to be shepherds and wise men; the richest girls are to take these parts, because of the offerings they will have to pour into my lap."

"They are to be returned to them again, I thought," said Amy.

"No, they are to be offerings toward buying a new image of the Virgin for the chapel, for the old one is getting very shabby. But, Amy, what am I to do about my dress?" asked Florie, returning to the matter under discussion.

"I don't know, I am sure," said her sister.

"Amy, you might lend me what money you have got; it is real mean of you."

"I cannot help it. If I did not want it for a particular purpose, I am not sure that I could lend it you for this; but I do want it every farthing of it, and so I hope—"

"Then I shall write to mamma, and ask her to send me some," interrupted Florie.

"O, don't do that! At least, if you write tell her exactly what you want it for," said Amy.

"I shall tell her I must have a new dress. She will not be so unkind as to refuse me, I know."

"It is you who are unkind to ask it, when you know she has so little money to spare. We should not be here now if it were not for that," and Amy heaved a deep sigh as she spoke.

"Well I don't see why you need groan and grumble so much about being here; I'm sure everybody is very kind."

Amy made no reply to this. She knew that Florie was treated kindly by everybody; but there was a marked difference in this respect in the treatment of herself, and she could not help feeling it very keenly sometimes, though she was thankful Florie did not share in it.

Soon after Florie had left her Milly came to enquire if she had heard from home lately.

Amy shook her head. "I am expecting a letter from mamma every day," she said.

"Well, I have just had one from my mamma—such a strange letter, almost as strange as that one I had soon after I came, when she told me Annette had got there, and she was glad to hear I was so happy, but sorry I had cut my finger and could not write. It was just when I would not write on purpose to alarm them at home—don't you remember?—and they sent another girl with Annette to be mamma's maid, as Annette was to go to Mrs. Crane's. Amy, I believe those maids are just spies, and told to crack up the convent school, for—would you believe it?—three more girls are coming after Christmas from our town, just because I am so happy and so charmed, and getting on so well with my studies."

"Well, you have seemed happy enough lately, Milly."

"What's the good of making one's self miserable? When we come to Rome—you know the rest; but I am not so charmed with the place that I want anybody else to put her head into the trap. I say, that little goose, Florie, is going to Rome fast. Fancy her being chosen for the Virgin—not but that I think she will make a lovely one, better than anybody else here."

"Milly, did you really see her bow to that image, or were you joking?" asked Amy anxiously.

"Well, to be sure! so my word is to be doubted now! what next, I wonder?"

"Well, you know—" and there Amy hesitated.

"Don't be afraid of saying it; nobody can help being a liar here unless they go in for martyrdom, as you do. But I wouldn't do it to you, Amy, and especially about that," said Milly in a more serious tone; "I told you because I thought you might say a word to her before things have gone too far."

"I am afraid they have gone too far already," said Amy in a choking voice. "I wish you had never gone into chapel, Milly," she added.

Her cousin shrugged her shoulders. "I could not stay outside, and you won't be able to do it much longer."

"I don't think I can. I was so cold last Sunday I felt sick and sleepy."

"What do you mean to do, then?"

"Don't ask me, Milly."

"Well, I think you would better give in. The sisters are saying they never had such an obstinate girl in the school before."

"Well, I can hardly wonder at the girls giving in, for it is hard enough to stick to one's principles here," said Amy with a sigh.

"I told you at first it was best to take things easy, and not set yourself against them. I say, what part are you going to take in this religious play-acting? I am to be a wise man from the East, and pour a bag full of money into Florie's lap. I shall take care they are cents, nothing more, for it's just a trick to get a new wax image for the chapel."

"Florie is in trouble about her dress. I don't see how she is to buy a new one, such as she wants," said Amy.

"O, that's the best of the fun! Two of the sisters and two of the girls are going to the city to buy the finery. I am to have a long robe of crimson silk damask, and another girl blue, and another gold color."

"O, Milly! if you went to the city you might slip a letter into the post without its being seen."

"So I might," said Milly, but, once set talking about dress, letters were of small importance in her eyes. But it was arranged between the cousins that Amy should write a long letter to her mother, detailing all the treatment they were subjected to, and Milly was to do the same, and, if possible, prevent the new scholars from coming. It was not very easy to do this on so short a notice, for the party were going to the city the next day; but, by dint of writing during recreation time, and penciling a few words at the time under cover of a lesson book, Amy contrived to write such a letter as would be sure to alarm her mother, and, with trembling hope, she intrusted this to Milly, never doubting but she would intently watch for the first opportunity to post it, as she was one of the girls going.

Florie was not to be of the party, but she had written to her mother asking for a ten dollar bill, and in the meantime had borrowed this amount from one of the girls, to purchase the material for her dress—for it had been finally settled now that she should personate the blessed Virgin.

The regular routine of the school was broken up a good deal now, for there was music and singing practice going on all day long, and everybody's head seemed turned, for the time being.

The return of the shopping party was looked forward to with eagerness by all, but none felt so anxious as Amy about it; and when at last it was announced that they had come back, and those who had commissioned them to make purchases were to go to the school room and see them, Amy rose with the rest determined to get in and see Milly if she could.

But just as she was about to enter, a lay sister touched her on the shoulder and told her she was wanted in the Spiritual Mother's room. Amy looked up in surprise, but never glanced at the possibility of being called to account for this last letter, which she felt sure Milly would take care of.

But the moment she opened the door she saw it lying on the table before her, all the various scraps of paper upon which it was written being laid out separately.

"You know why I have sent for you," said the little nun, severely. "You have most shamefully abused the kindness and tender love with which you have been nurtured here, and sought to bring this holy sisterhood into disrepute by telling most gross and wicked falsehoods concerning them. I know not yet what may be deemed a suitable punishment for one so ungrateful; but for the present, you cannot be allowed to mix with your companions, or speak to your sister, to turn her pure mind from its search after truth. Sit down there for the present," said the nun, pointing to a chair in the corner, and she went out, locking the door behind her.

Amy had barely time to collect her thoughts, and wond[illegible] punishment would be, when the sound of voices, in what seemed to be the next room, attracted her attention. The partition must have been very slight, for she could soon distinguish Augusta Crane's voice, but her companion seemed to be a man, and Amy could distinctly hear him say, "It is most desirable that your brother should join our holy society." She could not hear Augusta's reply, but the next minute the man spoke again.

"We have received advices assuring us that he is very dissatisfied with the way of life his father has planned for him, and hints have been dropped that if he came here he might follow his beloved art of painting—even be sent to Rome to pursue his studies; but it needs a word from you, my daughter, to make him decide."

Another pause, and then the Jesuit spoke again. "I cannot understand your unwillingness to do this after the distinguished favor you have received. To you it was communicated, by the voice of an angel, that your parents were in danger; and the whole community were moved at once to offer prayer on their behalf. On your writing to ask whether they had experienced the rough weather predicted, you were told that a fearful storm assailed them at midnight, and it was feared the vessel would be wrecked. And had it been so your father, mother, and brother would have been drowned; but they were saved by the prayers of this community, and the Church claims some reward from you."

"Is it not enough that I have devoted myself to the service of the Church?" asked Augusta, evidently speaking in a sharp tone.

"You are willing so to devote yourself, my daughter, but we know not yet that the Church will accept the mode of life which you have chosen. It may be that you can do her better service by living in the world, and working for her secretly, always obeying the commands of those set over you."

"No, no! I cannot do that again," said Augusta.

"Then you have not learned the true obedience the Church has been striving to teach you ever since you first came here. As your confessor I lay it upon your conscience to tell me who has been disturbing you in our most holy faith."

"No one," Amy heard Augusta whisper, and there were a few more words uttered, but she could not distinguish these, or the priest's reply.

Presently, however, she said, "My brother would never become a monk, I know."

"My daughter, we have no desire that he should. He may be a Jesuit, and yet live in the world as an American gentleman of cultivated taste and a patron of the fine arts. But, once pledged to our order, he would use his wealth and influence to forward the interests of holy Church by all the means in his power. You know not how sorely it lies upon the heart of the Holy Father to bring this great nation into the fold of the one Church Catholic; and it is only by educating the young in our schools, and winning such distinguished converts as your brother, who could put vast power into our hands by and by, that we can hope to do it. We, therefore, lay it upon you as a command, to write to your brother without delay, and urge him to request his father to send him to our seminary for the finishing of his education; and fear not but we will give him the benefit of a sojourn in Rome for the completion of his art studies. You will write without delay, my daughter," said the priest, and then Amy heard the door close, and a stifled sob followed.

She had had a glimpse of some of the secret springs that moved and guided so many who had no visible connection with this Jesuit seminary—springs that penetrate American society to-day to an extent that would thrill the nation with horror and alarm if they could only be laid bare; but they are working none the less deadly harm in secret—undermining the buttresses of truth and uprightness in the character of the young committed to their care, and drawing many into the idolatrous and apostate Church of Rome.

(To be Continued.)

FALL FROM A LADDER,

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Jean and her father were in Plymouth, in Old England, not long ago. Jean knew all about Plymouth from her history and geography and guide book. She was sure that her father would desire her to see the great naval and military arrangements, the Royal Hotel, the Athenæum, the fine public library—with its Cottonian collection of old Italian pictures,—and, above all, St. Andrew's church, with its tower of such ancient date as 1490. He would want, too, to take her to the high place along the shore where, in the old Elizabethan time, they caught the first glimpse of the Spanish Armada. Indeed, there would seem no end to the "sight-seeing" in Plymouth.

Imagine, then, her surprise at being taken into one of the more lowly streets, and told to look up to the roof of a certain old dwelling.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed, "this isn't a fortress, nor a palace, nor an old church tower even."

"True, my child," he said, smiling. "Yet I consider it the most interesting building in Plymouth. When I look at it, I think of the three P's."

It must be confessed that Jean's shoulders were guilty of an impatient little shrug just then. The three "P's," what could they be other than Patience, Perseverance and Prayer? She had heard of them over and over again, at home, at school and at church.

"Yes, Jean, child, I know. But one cannot hear of them too often," said her father, who was well skilled in reading Jean's thoughts. "I will add another P to the list."

Jean wondered.

"My other P shall stand for Providence. This old house makes me think of God's way of bringing good out of what looks to us like nothing but ill."

Again Jean glanced at the queer old roof and wondered. Of course, her father had a story to tell. He began with the favorite school-room quotation: "The pen is mightier than the sword." So that Jean at once concluded it to have been the home of some famous old writer. However, "nothing is easier than to be mistaken."

"If you had stood just here one afternoon, about sixty-five years ago," began her father, "you would have seen a man repairing the roof of this house. All day his son, a boy of twelve, had been running up and down a long ladder, carrying tiles and lime. The boy was light and agile and sure-footed, but just as he was coming down, for almost the last time that day, he made a misstep! He was near the top at the moment: he fell to the side-walk, a distance of thirty-five feet. 'Killed! killed!' was the cry, as the crowd gathered and saw him carried away in his father's arms. But he was not killed. He was unconscious for two weeks; he then opened his eyes with a start, sure that it was only the next day, and that he had slept over his usual time. But everything seemed strange. He was too weak to move. His friends were close beside him, and evidently talking; he saw their lips moving, though he could not hear a sound. His grandmother was there; she was the very best friend that he had ever known; he had always lived with her; she had been very proud of him, calling him her 'Johnnie the best scholar in all Plymouth.' 'But that is all over now,' she thought. The fall had destroyed forever his power of hearing. His father was a drunkard, and the result of this first trouble was that Johnnie must go to the poor-house, or work-house, as it was called in England.

"Oh! father, why was it, when God is so good?" cried Jean, interested so thoroughly in Johnnie that she had forgotten about fortress, palace and church tower.

"Listen, my child; you have heard only the beginning. There is a long tale of sorrow and disappointment, hope and joy, toil and success! You must look up a great part of it yourself. The deaf boy soon lost the power of speech. He went to the work-house, where he learned to make shoes, and earned a penny a week, and bought papers and books, and studied and wrote, and, by his gentleness and obedience, made warm friends. Afterward he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, who treated him in the most cruel way, throwing shoes at his head, and striking him in the face with an iron hammer, and in every other way tantalizing and tormenting him, day and night, till the poor boy would have been glad to die."

"I do not understand how it could be allowed," interrupted Jean—"how God could let it be so."

"No, my child, because we are still only at the beginning. God was watching over that boy. God had his plans for Johnnie! At the very best time He sent friends to interfere and place him where he could work and study." Just here Jean's father took a little book from his pocket, saying: "If you want a description of his appearance, I will read you a few words from his journal. No! no! you must not see the name—I am not quite ready to tell that! This is what he says:—

"'Dec. 5, 1821.—Yesterday I completed my sixteenth year, and I shall take this opportunity of describing, to the best of my ability, my person. I am four feet eight inches high; my hair is stiff and coarse, of a dark brown color, almost black; my head is very large, and, I believe, has a tolerable good lining of brains; my eyes are brown and large, and are the least exceptional part of my person; my forehead is high, my eyebrows bushy, nose large, mouth very big, teeth well enough, and limbs not ill shaped."

"Now, father dear, isn't it time to tell me who he was?" Jean asked.

"I shall say first that he learned the trade of a printer, and then that he was sent with a company of English missionaries to Malta, as printer for the Society."

"Troubles all over!" exclaimed Jean. Her father shook his head.

Jean thought over a list of distinguished printers; she was sure that she had his name, just as her father told her that he did not remain with the missionaries at Malta.

"He worked for them faithfully, daily, just the number of hours for which he had been engaged. But his leisure time he took for study. They did not approve of this, however; they thought that he ought to rest contented to be a printer always! He gave up his engagement and returned to England. No one nowadays thinks of blaming him for this; it is now easy to see that God had other work for him. He was in great trouble, though, as to what he should do, till an old friend proposed to take him as tutor to his boys on a tour though European Russia, and the old Bible lands in Asia. It was then and there that he found his work. He kept his eyes open, as he had often done, and filled his note-book with illustrations of Bible history. Jean, dear, when we go home, if you will look on the lower shelves of my library, you will find seven large volumes that never would have been written, perhaps, but for that misstep that afternoon long ago in Plymouth."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Jean, "you have been talking about Dr. John Kitto, who wrote the 'Daily Bible Illustrations!'"

"Yes; he is the man whom we must thank also for the 'Pictorial Bible' and the 'Pictorial History of Palestine,' and ever so many other good books. Dr. Chalmers thanked him, you know, and hoped that his little 'grandson Tommy' would learn to love God's Word all the more, because of Dr. Kitto's charming illustrations. Now, my daughter, I must do as I said—leave my story unfinished, and send you to Dr. Kitto's Biography and Autobiography for a great many charming incidents. Come! you will miss a great deal, if you do not look them up.—*N. Y. Observer.*

FUN WITH A LINCHPIN.

Three boys of our acquaintance are good, kind hearted, generous fellows, who would not intentionally do any mean act. They are also active, fun-loving. They have just the talent and abilities to make excellent men, and we have considered them amongst the best and most promising boys we know of. Recently they saw a farmer selling potatoes from his waggon, and made some jocose remark about one of his horses. He rather gruffly told them to "go away." No doubt he was weary and no one enjoys having sport made of what he may not be able to help. A few minutes later he carried a basket of potatoes to the cellar of a customer, and the boys noticed that the linchpin which held one of the wheels on, was loose and partly out. Had they acted upon the impulse of their heart's best and real feelings, they would have pushed it back into its place, or have told him about it. But, prompted by their fun-loving natures, in a thoughtless moment they pulled the pin out and dropped it on the ground, half wishing or hoping, perhaps, he would see it, but yet thinking what fun it would be to see the wheel come off and the potatoes dumped into the street. So they went off a little distance, putting on an unconcerned look, but watched for the result. On starting the team the wheel left the axle, the potatoes did tumble and spread out in amusing style, and the boys had a hearty laugh. But the crash frightened the apparently dull team; they started on a jump which threw the farmer off his balance; he fell in front, and a wheel crushed the bones of his right arm, and barely escaped crushing his head also. He is now confined to his bed, and will never be able to use his arm at hard work. The horses ran against a tree, not only scattering the potatoes widely, but smashing the waggon, and the broken tongue maimed one of the horses so that he had to be killed. Had these boys stopped to look ahead, and see the possible result of what, at the first impulse, seemed so small a matter as pulling out a bit of iron, would they have done it? We like to see our young friends cheerful, happy, we had almost said frolicsome, and will say it in the best sense of the word—but, dear boys, whenever you are planning any enterprise, or sport, remember the "linchpin," and stop long enough to think what may be the outcome, and don't run risks, hoping that chance may bring all out well. Chance is a fickle thing, not to be trusted.—*Agriculturist.*

PERSONAL SUPERVISION.

"If you want anything done, do it yourself." And if you can't do it yourself, the next best thing—and the essential thing if you would have it done as you intend—is to personally inspect it before it is too late.

The superintendent of a certain Mission School had made careful preparations for a Sunday-school concert, and had ordered from a professional sign-painter a text painted on heavy manilla paper, in very large letters.

Now it so happened that in that city dwelt a certain saloon-keeper, whose name was Aman.

So the superintendent called at the painter's for his text; had it rolled up and brought to the Sunday-school.

After school as one of the teachers could not be at the evening concert, the superintendent opened the roll simply to show him what a handsome text he was going to have for the wall—when, lo! to the astonishment of the gathered teachers, there was unrolled,

"Whatsoever Aman soweth,
That shall he also Reap."

There was no mistake about the mistake. There in plain view, so large as to be readily read the entire length of the room, was the beautiful capital *A*, and the *m* was as close to it as to the small *a* following. The only thing that made the text at all usable was the fortunately large space between the *n* and the *s*, which enabled him to cut out the "man" and move it a little to the right, pasting some of the paper back of it, and leaving the capital A to run the chances of detection. But a lively imagination might picture his dilemma, had some keen-eyed "awful boy" detected the mistake and started its repetition.—*Church and Home.*

Question Corner.—No 9.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

97. By whom was Saul anointed king?
98. How was the land of Israel governed before the time of Saul?
99. When Saul was anointed some of the people were not pleased and were unwilling to acknowledge him as their king how did they show their displeasure?
100. Some time after the rest of the people wanted to put those who had opposed Saul to death. Why did they not do so?
101. What had Saul done that gained him such favor in the eyes of the people?
102. Where is Jabesh Gilead?
103. How often was the shew-bread changed in the Tabernacle?
104. From whom was Jerusalem taken by the Israelites, and in whose reign?
105. In what tribe was it situated?
106. What Canaanitish city, destroyed by the Israelites was forbidden to be rebuilt?
107. By whom was it rebuilt, notwithstanding this prohibition?
108. What is the situation of the brook Kedron, so often mentioned in the Bible?

A BIBLE ALPHABET.

A was a monarch who reigned in the East.
B was a Chaldee, who made a great feast.
C was veracious, when others told lies.
D was a woman, heroic and wise.
E was a refuge where David spared Saul.
F was a Roman, accuser of Paul.
G was a garden, a frequent resort.
H was a city where David held Court.
I was a mocker, a very bad boy.
J was a city, preferred as a joy.
K was the father whose son was quite tall.
L was a proud one, who had a great fall.
M was a nephew, whose uncle was good.
N was a city, long hid where it stood.
O was a servant, acknowledged a brother.
P was a Christian, greeting another.
R was a damsel, who knew a man's voice.
T was a seaport, where preaching was long.
U was a teamster, struck dead for his wrong.
V was a cast-off, and never restored.
Z was a ruin, with sorrow deplored.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 7.

73. Between the Rivers Tigris and Euphrates.
74. The tribe of Levi, on the separation of the of the two kingdoms in the reign of Rehoboam 2 Chron. xi 13, 14.
75. Hoshea. 2 Kings xvii. 6.
76. Ten. Gen xlvi. 21.
77. Cyrus, king of Persia. Ezra i.
78. Every seventh year. Lev. xxv. 1, 7.
79. In the cave of Machpelah. Gen. xxv. 9.
80. Sarah. Gen. xxiii. 19.
81. Isaac and Rebekah, and Leah. Gen. xlix. 31. Jacob Gen. l 13.
82. 175 years. Gen. xxv. 7.
83. Near Bethlehem. Gen. xxxv. 19.
84. Forty years old Gen. xxv. 20.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. L-ydia.....Acts xvi 14.
2. O-phir.....1 Kings ix. 28.
3. V-ashti.....Es. i. 12.
4. E-unice.....2 Tim. i. 5.
5. Y-oke.....Lam iii. 27.
6. O-shea.....Num. xiii 8.
7. U-Pharsin.....Dan. v 25.
8. R-esi.....Heb. iv. 10.
9. E-sau.....Gen. xxv. 34.
10. N-oah.....Gen viii. 1.
11. Engedi.....1 Sam. xxiii. 29.
12. M-oses.....Ex xxxii. 11.
13. I-saiah.....Isa. lix. 1.
14. E-leazar.....Num. xvi 39.
15. S-heba.....1 Kings x. 1.

Love your enemies—Mat. v. 44.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 6.—Mary E. Coates, 12 ac; Minnie Dimma, 10; Alex. George Burr, 9 ac; Annie O. Burr, 9 ac; Clara N. Searcliff, 9; Jeannetta Steele, 9; Peter J. Hunter, 9; Gordon McK. Campbell, 9; Annabella Stone, 8; Florallee Sheehan, 8; May Bogart, 7.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

May 21, 1882.]

SEEING AND C

COMMIT TO MEMORY v.

22. And he cometh to Bethsa bring a blind man unto him, a to touch him.

23. And he took the bl ...y the hand, and led him out of the to... ; and when he had spit on his eyes, and put his hands upon him, he asked him if he saw aught.

24. And he looked up, and said, I see men as trees, walking.

25. After that he put his hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up: and he was restored and saw every man clearly.

26. And he sent him away to his house, saying, Neither go into the town, nor tell it to any in the town.

27. And Jesus went out, and his disciples, into the towns of Cæsarea Philippi: and by the way he asked his disciples, saying unto them, Whom do men say that I am?

28. And they answered, John the Baptist: but some say, Elias; and others, One of the prophets.

29. And he saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Peter answereth and saith unto him, Thou art the Christ.

30. And he charged them that they should tell no man of him.

31. And he began to teach them, that the Son of man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and of the chief priests, and scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again.

32. And he spake that saying openly. And Peter took him, and began to rebuke him.

33. But when he had turned about and looked on his disciples, he rebuked Peter, saying, Get thee behind me, Satan: for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."—MATT. 16:16.

TOPIC.—Jesus the Messiah.

LESSON PLAN.—1. BLIND EYES OPENED. 2. A NOBLE CONFESSION. 3. A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

Time.—Summer, A.D. 29. Place.—Bethsaida Julias—on the way to Cæsarea Philippi.

HELPS TO STUDY.

I. BLIND EYES OPENED.—(22-26.) This miracle is recorded only by Mark. Its exact date is uncertain. V. 22. BETHSAIDA—Bethsaida Julias, near the north-eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee and the mouth of the Jordan. TO TOUCH HIM—and thus heal him. V. 23. LED HIM OUT OF THE TOWN—to avoid notice: He might have wrought the cure by a word, but he chose to do it as he cured the deaf mute in Decapolis: Mark 7:32-37. V. 24. AS TREES—his sight was at first but partially restored; he could tell men from trees only by their walking. Not until Jesus had laid his hands a second time upon his eyes did he see clearly. V. 26. HE SENT HIM AWAY—the double prohibition of this verse was intended to make it emphatic. The reason was Christ's desire to remain in retirement.

II. A NOBLE CONFESSION.—(27-29.) V. 27. CÆSAREA PHILIPPI—a city near the source of the Jordan, at the foot of Mount Hermon, about one hundred and twenty miles from Jerusalem. Its modern name is Banias. V. 28. JOHN THE BAPTIST—risen from the dead. Herod himself so thought. Mark 6:16. ELIAS—Elijah the prophet, who was expected as the forerunner of the Messiah. Mal. 4:5. ONE OF THE PROPHETS—of the old Testament. V. 29. BUT WHOM SAY YE—this calls for a decided expression as to what they believed Jesus to be. PETER ANSWERETH—for the others as well as for himself. THOU ART THE CHRIST—the Messiah, the Anointed One.

III. A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.—(30-33.) V. 30. TELL NO MAN—the people were not yet prepared to receive the truth. V. 31. MUST SUFFER MANY THINGS—betrayal, arrest, rejection and death. RISE AGAIN—according to the Scriptures, 1 Cor. 15:4. V. 32. OPENLY—plainly. Before, he had shown it only in figures. This he did to prepare them for their own trials. REBUKE HIM—as one entitled to take such a liberty. V. 33. GET THEE BEHIND ME—out of my sight. SATAN—Peter was for the time doing the will of Satan. Mark 4:15. OFFENCE—the original word means the stick by which a trap is sprung. SAVOREST NOT—mindest not; carest not for. THE THINGS THAT BE OF GOD—he was opposing God's purpose with regard to Christ. THE THINGS THAT BE OF MEN—his views of the Messiah were worldly.

TEACHINGS:

1. The one spiritually blind who takes Christ as his guide will be led into the light.
2. Full sight may come to him gradually, but in the end he will see clearly.
3. "What think you of Christ?" is an all-important question for each of us.
4. We should always be ready, like Peter, promptly to confess Christ.
5. Our best friends may sometimes be our tempters, keeping us back from painful duty. Let God's will be our will.

REMEMBER that as Christ opened the eyes of the blind, so he must open your spiritual eyes and shine into your heart to give you the light of the *glory of God as it is revealed in him.*

LESSON IX.

May 28, 1882.] Mark 8:34-38; 9:1.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 34-37.

34. And when he had called the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

35. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.

...verily I ... of ... eternal ...ot taste of death, till ...dom of God come with ...ave see...

GOLDEN TEXT—"... ...wer will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."—MARK 8:34.

TOPIC.—Following or not following Christ.

LESSON PLAN.—1. CONDITIONS OF FOLLOWING. 2. COST OF NOT FOLLOWING. 3. NEARNESS OF THE KINGDOM.

Time.—Summer, A.D. 29. Place.—The region of Cæsarea Philippi.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—After the rebuke of Peter, in our last lesson, Jesus turned to the people and told them in the plainest terms that those who cast in their lot with him had nothing to expect in this world. His was no earthly kingdom, and no earthly gain awaited those who entered it. On the contrary, they must be ready to risk their very lives for the sake of their Master.

I. CONDITIONS OF FOLLOWING.—(34, 35.) V. 34. WHOSOEVER—the conditions are the same for all time and all men. WILL COME AFTER ME—as my disciple. DENY HIMSELF—give up self as the object of chief regard. TAKE UP HIS CROSS—be ready to bear trials to make sacrifices. FOLLOW ME—as his Lord and Master, in faithful obedience and service. V. 35. WILL SAVE HIS LIFE—he who will sacrifice right and duty to spare himself shall lose his soul. He that loses his temporal life by following Christ shall gain eternal life.

II. COST OF NOT FOLLOWING.—(36-38.) V. 36. WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN—of what advantage shall it be? GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD—all its riches, honors and pleasures. HIS OWN SOUL—that which lives, enjoys and suffers. What are riches, honors and pleasures if the man himself is lost for ever? V. 38. WHOSOEVER—without regard to class or person. ASHAMED OF ME—to own me as his Lord. AND OF MY WORDS—teachings and claims. WILL BE ASHAMED OF HIM—will disown and reject him. WHEN HE COMETH—at the day of judgment.

III. NEARNESS OF THE KINGDOM.—(CH. 9:1.) V. 1. VERILY I SAY UNTO YOU—this verse really belongs to the previous chapter. Its plain meaning is that before all who were then present should die they would have convincing proof that Christ's kingdom had actually been set up. They would see the gospel established and many men saved. The suffering and cross which he had just predicted would lead to the glory of his kingdom. The apostles were his chosen instruments for its establishment, and some of them lived to witness the fulfilment of this prophecy.

TEACHINGS:

1. It is our duty to follow Christ and obey him.
2. It is our greatest privilege thus to follow him.
3. We must be willing to give up all for his sake.
4. A true Christian life is one that is consecrated to the will of God.
5. One soul is of more value than all the world.
6. Once lost, the soul is lost for ever.

REMEMBER that if you would be owned of Christ in the day of judgment, you must not be ashamed to own him before men. There is a priceless reward for those that follow him, and the certainty of that reward should stimulate you to the noblest confession and the most joyful cross-bearing here. (See Rev. 1:5, 6.)

"I DIDN'T THINK."

Never allow yourself to fall into the way of saying, "I didn't think." You ought to think, that is what your brains were given to you for, and "I didn't think" ought not to be accepted as an excuse for wrong done. "I don't care" follows fast upon "I didn't think," and when a person comes to that point, what does he amount to? You must think, no one can do your thinking for you; if you are rich you can't hire a person to think for you, and if you are poor, you can never earn a living for yourself if you don't do your own thinking. So, no matter what your condition is in life, whether rich or poor, high or low, child or man, you must do your own thinking; and to say "I didn't think" shows that your brains are not in fair working order. The child that don't think, causes itself and others much misery. Begin to think now while young, and let the habit grow strong with age; you will thus be a help to many people all your lifetime, and a great help now to mamma and papa.

"I didn't think to cover that well," said a father, after the lifeless form of his little boy was brought up from the bottom.

"I didn't think to look at my watch," said the busy man, as he reached the depot just as the cars were steaming out of it, which made him break a very important engagement.

"I'm so sorry, but I didn't think to get those oranges to-day," said the husband to his invalid wife; she had been waiting for them all day, but her poor parched lips made no complaint, as she quietly wiped away a tear.

ANTIPATHY TO C...T.

Many years ago there was a lady who had a most intense dislike to cats, so much so that were there only the room when she entered, she would be obliged to leave immediately, such an effect had it upon her nervous system. On one occasion she was invited to dine with the narrator's family in the country, but she declined, because she knew that there were cats on the premises; but on the promise that the cats should be strictly incarcerated she consented to come, and the three cats belonging to the house were duly shut up. During the dinner she was seen to be very uncomfortable, and to look very pale, and on being asked the matter, she said that she was sure there was a cat in the room. Assurances that this could not possibly be the case were of no avail, and on search being made, a cat was found actually sitting under her chair. She rose immediately, and left the table; and passing down the dining-room toward the door she also passed across a small cupboard door opening in the wall, through which the dinner was served directly from the kitchen. As she passed this the second cat of the establishment jumped through it into the dining-room. A scream of horror burst from the poor lady, and she was led away fainting to the drawing-room. The time of year was such that the window of the drawing-room was open, and it was so made that it reached nearly down to the floor, and not much above the lawn outside the house. While the poor lady was being attended to by aid of scent bottles and such-like restoratives, the third of the cat establishment jumped in at the window! This was too much to be borne by such a peculiarly constituted nervous system, and she begged to leave the house immediately.

The above, from *Chambers' Journal*, is published under the title of "Mental Prescience," which is a misnomer. It is not a mental operation, but a physical infirmity that makes some people conscious of the presence of a cat, even when they do not see or hear it. The infirmity is classed by physicians and treated in medical books under the name of "cat asthma," and is as really a disease, or, at least, as peculiar as the hay-fever or the rose-cold. The effluvium from a cat produces upon those who are subject to it an effect that is irresistible. We knew an eminent clergyman who would faint if he were but a few moments in a room where a cat was concealed. He was once observed to wander in his expressions while leading in prayer at a meeting in a private house. At the close of the meeting he remarked that a singular sensation came over him at the time, and he felt as if his enemy were near him. It was fully explained on his learning that a cat had come into the room just at that moment. We have known cases of the antipathy of cats to particular persons, or their power to injure them, which are quite as remarkable.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A POMPEIAN MOTHER.

F. Barnabei writes to the London *Academy* as follows: "On January 24, the skeleton of a woman with a child was discovered at Pompeii, in the narrow street which abounds on the north Insula VII. of Regione VIII., about twelve feet above the level of the ancient pavement—that is to say, where the layers of lava end and those of ashes begin. It is well known that the catastrophe of 79 A. D. commenced with a thick shower of small pumice-stones, by which the streets and open squares of Pompeii were covered up to the roofs of the houses. Stones were succeeded by ashes, which became solid, owing to the action of successive showers of boiling water; and these ashes now form the top layer of the the materials which cover the ruins of Pompeii. Most of the unhappy beings who remained in the houses after the eruption first reached the town, and who found, when the shower of stones was over, that no deliverance was possible except in flight, made their escape through the windows, the doors having been blocked by the stones and lava. But so far as we can judge from the excavations, the greater part of these fugitives could have taken but few steps, and must have been quickly suffocated by the poisonous fumes. The hot ashes and water covered their bodies in such a way as to make an exact cast; and after the flesh had shrunk away, the impression of corpses still remain as they ... death. The Senatore ...ppy idea of taking ...pressions, and thus ...s to be seen in the ...ich have been copied ...Pomp... into most of the ...ks that describe the antiquities of the buried city. It was not always found possible to obtain a perfect cast, because in many instances a portion of the body was resting on the stones, where, of course, it left no impression. Unfortunately, this is the case with the two skeletons lately discovered, the larger of which, that of a woman, is almost entirely imbedded in the layer of stones. One arm only has left an impression on the ashes; and with this arm she was clasping the legs of the child, the greater portion of whose body has been modelled, showing considerable contraction in the arms and legs, and a general emaciation which lead us to suppose that the child must have been very ill. It is believed that it was a little boy about ten years of age. Doubtless, the woman was the mother of the child, and we can hardly suppose that she would have carried him had he not been unable to walk. Some jewels found on the female skeleton indicate a person of condition; two bracelets of gold encircled the arm which held the boy, and on the hand were two gold rings, the one set with an emerald on which is engraved a horn of plenty, and the other with an amethyst bearing a head of Mercury cut in *intaglio*."

WE REGRET to find that notwithstanding the frequent warnings given to our subscribers when remitting, to register their letters or secure P. O. orders, quite a number of our friends' unregistered remittances have disappeared during the period of the recent Post Office robberies. We cannot of course undertake to make good such losses, as people sending money in this way incur unnecessary risk.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year post-paid.

MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.10 a year, post-paid.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal, Q.

NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those whose subscriptions expire at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

CLUB RATES.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—

1 copy,	30 cents
10 copies	$ 2 50
25 copies	6 00
50 copies	11 50
100 copies	22 00
1,000 copies	200 00

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Made simply with boiling water or milk.—Sold by grocers in packets and tins only (½lb and 1lb) labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England."—Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for afternoon use.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.